From Diana's Diary

Miss Dillpickles in New York, the "Object of Her Wildest Curiosity," But Mrs. Cushwad's Unfortunate Fit Interferes With Her More Stings!

(BY F. W. SCHAFFER.

"Holding Her Hand in the Ambulance and Seeing Nothing."

IV.

Now we are in New York, object of my wildest curiosity, but what's the use?

Mrs. Cushwads had herself routed here over a direct line from Atlantic City, which we left without seeing anything more of than a salt water taffy booth, but I had hoped to see something of the metropolis and the "Great White Way," and Central park and the Battery and such—but nix for any of the sights.

I might have had a chance of seeing a little of it hadn't Mrs. Cushwads thrown a fit or a fainting spell or whatever it is that come from overeating, and she was transferred from the train at Jersey City into an ambulance and taken to her hotel, and me, like a faithful, soft mark Good Samaritan, holding her hand in the ambulance and seeing nothing unusual but a horse car.

Of course, it was stick in the hotel after that, as usual, with no society but "Alexandaw," the parrot, and the hotel in Brooklyn at that!

I am beginning to feel like I was sent up for life. Glorious old New York on the other side of the East river and me cooped up with a fat woman who doesn't want to see anything, and a parrot. Nothing to do but read "The Life of Lady Jane Grey" out loud and eat. Nothing to think of but what I am missing. Mrs. Cushwads really, in the interests of humanity ,ought to be enjoined from traveling. Life in an old ladies' home would be little less exciting and a blame sight less aggravating.

Diana, you are up against it.

(To be Continued.)

The Bank of Kings and Queens

The death of that grand old lady, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, has set all the world talking about the famous bank from which she acquired her famous wealth, says Tit-Bits. In the annals of the commercial world it is doubtful if a more remarkable story can be found than that connected with the banking house of Messrs. Coutts & Co. Business success and love and romance are intermingled in a manner stranger than any fiction ever written.

Almost two centuries ago James Coutts, the eldest son of John Coutts, lord provost of Edinburgh, who started the first private banking house in Scotland, came to London and became a partner in the banking firm of Campbell & Coutts, in the Strand. Six years later Campbell died and James was joined by his brother Thomas, the "shabby little man," who was once mistaken for a beggar; who married his brother's housemaid, Betty Starky, and on her death espoused an actress, Harriet Mellon. Three of his daughters became wives of the Earl of Guilford, the Marquess of Butte, and Sir Francis Burdett.

Evidently, Thomas Coutts was a firm believer in the old saying, "Look after the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves."

Meeting an old school friend, he asked him to dinner and gave him a sumptuous repast. Next day his friend met Coutts at the bank to arrange some business accounts and on balancing them it was found that the sum of one penny was due to Thomas Coutts. His friend laughed and said:

"Of course you won't want me to pay you that penny!"

"Pardon me, I do," said Coutts.

"What!" cried his friend; "you give me a sumptuous dinner one day and ask for a penny the next?"

"Excuse me," said Coutts, "If I had not been so particular in getting my pence I should not have been able to give any dinner at all, my friend."

Thomas Coutts had a shrewd eye to business. Hearing a banker relate at his own table how a certain nobleman had asked for a loan of £30,000, which the banker said he had refused to give him. Coutts set off to the nobleman's house the moment his guests had retired and requested the favor of an interview with the peer at his bank the next day. On the nobleman arriving, Coutts at once tendered him £30,000 in notes. The nobleman was surprised, and remarked that he found he only required £10,000 at present. He begged however, Coutts to place the remaining 20,000 to the credit of an account which he forthwith opened with Coutts' bank and which proved an extremely lucrative one. The nobleman shortly afterwards paid £200,000 into, besides recommending Coutts' bank to all his friends, including George III, who, with Queen Charlotte, honored it with their patronage.

Thomas Coutts had a rare knack of making powerful friends. Coutts' has been a royal bank since George III opened his account there, whilst among foreign royalties, Louis Philippe, the king of the Belgians, the king of Portugal, the shah, the late empress of Mexico, and the late Empress Frederick, have all been customers. The ex-Empress Eugenie also banks at Coutts', and was often to be seen entering the doors of the famous old house. Among thousands of other notables who banked there were Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, Pitt, Fox, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Maucaulay, Charles Dickens and Benjamin West. In fact, the old ledgers contain what would make the most wonderful collection of autographs in existence.

The treasure boxes, too, some of which have not been opened since Burke and Washington were schoolboys, could "many a startling tale unfold." Coutsee themselves do not know what some of these deed-boxes contain.

Except to increase the success of the bank, Thomas Coutts was quite devoid of any ambition; for, while his brother James became a member of parliament, Thomas worked hard amassing a large fortune, and was quite content to spend his spare time at the theater. Matchmaking mammas spread their nets for him in vain, until in disgust they termed him "the most cold-blooded animal that Scotland ever produced."

What was their amazement, therefore, when they learned that he had actually led Betty Starky, his brother's housemaid, to the altar? Even his brother James grew angry. But Thomas did not care a brass button for the world's opinion. Betty had all the virtues he looked for in a wife—cleanliness, industry, good humor and modesty of demeanor.

But, although Thomas Coutts considered that great happiness for himself was to be found in an humble marriage, he evidently held different views in regard to his daughters, who on marrying became respectively Lady Francis Burdett, the Countess of Guilford and the Marchioness of Butte. The late Baroness Burdett-Coutts was the youngest daughter of Lady Francis Burdett and the favorite grand-daughter of Thomas Coutts. It was because of the latter fact that, when his second wife, who afterward married the Duke of St. Albans, died, she left the bulk of her fortune to Miss Angela Burdett, who thus, at 23 years of age, became a millionaire.

By the way, it is interesting to note that No. 1 Stratton street, Piccadilly, the magnificent mansion of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, which has been the scene of the most brilliant social functions, is probably the only London house which in modern times has been invested and stormed by the forces of the crown. This came about in 1819, when Sir Francis Burdett, the baroness' father, having been judged guilty of contempt of the house of commons, determined to defy and resist its power. By direction of the house, the speaker issued his warrant for the commitment of Sir Francis to the Tower. Sir Francis took refuge in Stratton street, and soldiers had to be employed to enforce its execution. Burdett was seized and conveyed to the Tower, and there imprisoned for several weeks.

The second marriage of Thomas Coutts was a no less romantic affair than the first. It has already been mentioned that the banker sought relaxation at the theater, and it was at Drury Lane that he first became smitten with the charms of Harriet Mellon, who was 45 years his junior and generally considered to be the handsomest Audrey on the stage. Surely the romance of his life was never more extraordinary than in Harriet Mellon's case. The daughter of strolling players, she won for herself a place amongst the leading actresses of the Georgian era, became the wife of the richest banker in London and finally a duchess in the peerage of Great Britain.

Despite the disparity in age, Thomas Coutts and Harriet Mellon lived a very happy married life together for seven years, and it is a striking proof of the banker's devotion to his second wife that he not only allowed her to spend £40,000 chiefly amongst the charities in which she was interested but when he died left to his actress wife all the wealth of which he was possessed.

This was in 1822, and five years after the banker's death his widow married the ninth Duke of St. Albans. She died in 1837, and, with a nobleness of mind which proves that the maxim "noblesse oblige" may actuate one risen from the ranks as well as one born in the purple, she gave back to the Coutts family the entire estate she had received from it, her heiress, as already mentioned, being Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has made such noble use of the fortune she thus acquired from the good-hearted Harriet Mellon.

Many stories, more or less true, have been told of Thomas Coutts' eccentricity in regard to dress. The following, taken from Ralph Richardson's book on "Coutts & Co," is perhaps, the most amusing:

He was visiting the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) at the latter's favorite country resort, the Pavilion, at Brighton. Early one morning Thomas Coutts, dressed very plainly in a brown suit, with brown cotton stockings that hung loosely around his legs, took his seat on a bench near the Pavilion. A lady happened to be passing and, seeing what she imagined to be a miserably poor man in distressed circumstances seated on the bench, she advanced towards him and said:

"My good man, you appear to have seen better days. Here's a trifle to buy you a breakfast." Whereupon she handed him a token of 5 shillings, issued by Coutts' bank. Then she continued: "I will also see that you get your dinner, and shall raise a subscription for you among my friends.

Thomas Coutts thanked his benefactress profusely and said he would be sure to be found upon the same bench at dinner time. He then bowed profoundly to the lady and returned his former position on the bench.

Presently the benevolent lady reappeared and with her a number of lady friends.

"Ah!" she cried, "there's my distressed old man. There sits the poor old fellow for whom I asked your charity."

"That!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "Why, that's Mr. ——"

But before she could utter the great banker's name the Prince of Wales himself appeared from behind and, to the amazement of the benevolent lady, slapped the "poor old man" on the back and shouted:

"Tom Coutts, we have fined you a bottle for leaving your glass!"

S.S.S. DRIVES OUT RHEUMATISM

The cause of Rheumatism is a sour, acid condition of the blood, brought about by indigestion, chronic constipation, and the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural eliminative organs have failed to carry out. This refuse or waste matter ferments and sours, generating uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. One may also be born with a predisposition or tendency to Rheumatism, because like all blood diseases it can be transmitted from parent to child. The aches and pains of the disease are only symptoms which you may scatter or relieve with liniments, plasters, blisters, etc., or deaden with opiates. As soon, however, as such treatment is left off or there is any exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or constipation, the wandering pains, sore muscles and joints, and tender places on the flesh return, and the sufferer finds that he has merely checked the symptoms while the real cause of the disease remains in the blood. Rheumatism can never be cured while the blood remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism by driving the cause out of the blood. It thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. S. S. S. stimulates and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acrid and corrosive matter in the muscles, joints, nerves and bones, the body is soothed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood, which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of roots, herbs and barks which possess both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheumatism. Book on Rheumatism and medical advice free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Wealthy Miner Writes Hymns

From the Mining Record.

With millions at his command, a partner with Charles M. Schwab in some of the greatest mines of the west and known as "The Nevada man," because he is credited with doing more than any other to make the state containing Goldfield, Bullfrog and Tonopah famous, John McKane, to satisfy the cravings of his higher nature, has turned now to the composing of anthems.

When John McKane, fresh from his training in a bank in his native town of Dunfermline, Scotland, which by the way, is also that of Andrew Carnegie, went to New Brunswick in 1884, to enter the service of the Royal bank of Canada it was not with the slightest idea that he would ever become a mining king. There he toiled as a banker for a decade, till the fame of Rossland's mines were bruited abroad. Then McKane was stirred. The New Brunswick town was too dull for him. He "yearned toward the sky line where the strange roads go down," and, taking Horace Greely's advice, as he phrases it, hit the trail."

Went Into Politics.

In 1896 there was a boom in Rossland, and into that boom McKane plunged. He made many a strike and in many a claim made money, but not "big money." Then he went into politics—was a candidate once for the legislative house of British Columbia and once ran for membership in the parliament of the Dominion of Canada at Ottawa. On both occasions he was beaten but beaten only by a narrow margin and after a hard fight. Of one of these instances he tells a story that well illustrates the customs of the mining camps of the west.

"It was when I was making the race in the district of Yale-Cariboo" says he. "My opponent for the franchises of the miners was a lawyer named Gallagher, who was known far and wide by the sobriquet of 'Big Bill.' He was six feet four, that's why.

"There is nothing small about Yale-Cariboo. The constituency stretches from near the northern boundary line of the United States far northward into the uttermost parts of British Columbia—hundreds of miles. After I had campaigned the more settled parts of this tract there was still one polling place I had not visited, the 'Hundred and Fifty Mile House.' Neither had Gallagher. Peary may have got farther north than that place, but I doubt it.

Makes a Speech.

"However, after days of traveling through the mountains we arrived; and free and independent electors were gathered in the biggest saloon in the place, and, the opening having fallen to me, I started to deliver my address. I hadn't twenty words out when a big miner stood up and motioned to me to stop, turned around and said:

"'Boys, we don't know McKane and we don't know Big Bill Gallagher and we don't care about the election. Let's cut out the talk, settle it by a game of draw and the forty-five votes in the camp goes to the winner of the first jackpot.'

"Well, that was popular. It took. The meeting was adjourned right there, and had not Big Bill Gallagher got the first jackpot and the forty-five votes he would never have won his seat in parliament and I would probably never have seen Nevada."

McKane admits that when he's not reading or fighting he's thinking, and when the boom days of Rossland began to flatten out and the stocks of his holdings began to fall he thought to some purpose. It was then that the scientific papers first began to tell a somewhat incredulous world of the probable riches hidden under the sands of the Nevada desert and to the hidden poesy in the man's nature the call of the lonely wastes of desert sand was to the full as strong as the lure of gold to his more practical side. Combined they proved irresistible, and leaving Rossland McKane "struck out" for Nevada.

After some time or storm and stress in Nevada McKane had obtained sufficient ground to work on, but found himself lacking in capital and decided to come to New York to procure the funds needed to develop the properties he had acquired. Charles M. Schwab was at that time looking toward the west. McKane sought him out and after some negotiation, the steel capitalist accompanied the miner to the desert land to see for himself. Through snow and rain and sleet they pushed their way into Tonopah, where McKane held the Tonopah Extension mine. Mr. Schwab looked about him, was soon convinced, and the partnership then entered into, in 1903, endures today. How many millions Mr. Schwab has made from the trip taken on McKane's advice he only knows.

Got Necessary Capital.

With the advent of Schwab into the affairs of Nevada started the stream of capital necessary for the mining development of the state, and the result was soon seen in more stable values of the properties and the steady stream of gold they produced. Then the McKane fortune was on a firm basis and a brief vacation was taken from the alkali dust and the meagre comforts of the camps by "the Nevada man." For a holiday he went far into the north woods of Canada, sunk the man of action in the dreamer and communed with nature in her wildest mood.

While there to him came the news of the death of Sir Henry Irving, whom of all actors he had most admired. Steeped in the melancholy of the woods, with the poems of Burns and of Shakespeare set to music in the murmuring of the pines and passing thus in cadence through his brain, and the parting words of the actor knight stamped themselves upon his brain: "Through night to light, Into Thy hands, O Lord; into Thy hands," as they were uttered as the curtain fell on the last performance of "a Becket" at Bradford. And the sighing of the wind in the lonely forest took up the refrain, "Into Thy hands," and there in the solitude John McKane's first anthem was born, and today it is being published in New York:

Into Thy Hands
When sinks my earthly sun and time shall be no more
May my reward be Thy "Well done" upon the farther shore;
Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit,
Trusting in Thy precious word and for Thy dear Son's merit;
Into Thy hands, O Lord; into Thy hands.

Territorial Topics

Rev. Antonio Jouvenceau, parish priest at Bernalillo, is undergoing treatment for partial paralysis at St. Vincent's hospital at Santa Fe.

Tucson has been selected as the place for the holding of the next annual convention of the Arizona Medical association.

During the past year W. C. Rhodes, a Graham county, (Ariz.) hunter, has killed 1,223 wild animals, as follows: 91 bob cats, 3 lions, 2 gray wolves, 364 coyotes, and 764 jack rabbits.

Juan Barrio, who is said to be the first Mexican that ever walked into the oasis that Tularosa, N. M., was afterwards built upon, was this week adjudged insane and will be sent to the New Mexico asylum at Las Vegas.

Five feet of snow fell in the mountains above Las Vegas during the past few days of bad weather. Much of it has now disappeared and the sources of the mountain streams will be well filled during the remainder of the season.

Thirty-five or forty citizens of Santa Rosa, N. M., interested in the growth and prosperity of Santa Rosa and the surrounding country have organized a body to be known as "The Business Association of Santa Rosa," to work for the welfare of the city.

Sunday morning at Williams, Ariz., Arthur Schultz, a well known citizen of Williams, was run over and killed by a train, which pulled out shortly after the occurrence, the crew of which were unaware of the fatal accident.

James Scott Delameter, of Pittsburg, Pa., who was found dead several days ago, was well known in Deming and vicinity. He last visited at Deming about two months ago. Mr. Delameter owned a large and well improved ranch about eight miles east of Deming.

A force of Arizona rangers will be established at Kelvin, a mining camp on the Phoenix & Eastern. A petition has been presented to Governor Kibbey asking for the appointment of a force, setting forth that the local authorities are not able to control the situation, as disorder and drunkenness is growing worse.

Mrs. W. H. Warner, for several years manager of the Santa Fe office of the Western Union Telegraph company, has resigned to accept the management of the Postal Telegraph company at that place. She also acquires the private telegraph line between Santa Fe and Los Cerrillos. Mrs. Warner assumes her new duties the first of June.

Another death resulting from the bite of a tarantula is recorded at Tempe. This time the six year old son of Miguel Noriega was the victim. Saturday evening while at play, the little fellow was bitten by the venomous spider. A deadly sickness speedily followed, and in spite of all that could be done to save the little sufferer, death resulted Sunday afternoon.—Tempe News.

After being out twenty minutes the jury in the case of the four men charged at Globe, Ariz., with rioting at the attempted lynching of William Baldwin, returned a verdict of not guilty. Fred Temme, A. E. Guthrie, J. D. Houston and Vance Bayless were the four men who were jointly indicted by the same grand jury that indicted Baldwin for the double murder at Roosevelt.

Mrs. Emilie Bakeberg died on a passenger train between Winslow and Gallup Saturday. The body was taken off at Gallup and embalmed by Schauer brothers and has been shipped to Milwaukee for burial. Mrs. Bakeberg was returning to her home in the east from Hilo in the Hawaiian Islands, accompanied by her husband and two little children.

At least twenty-five Mexicans are said to have left town, says the Roswell Record, as the result of the preaching of a crazy expounder who declared on the streets of Roswell a few days ago that the town would soon be destroyed as had been San Francisco and other wicked cities. The superstitious Mexicans considered it time to leave and several families have gone to the mountains.

The greatest apprehension is felt at Yuma, Ariz., regarding the fate of the levee below the town for holding the Colorado within its old time banks. No sign of the giving way of the levee has been discovered, but it is realized that if the catastrophe comes it will come without much warning. The stage of the river is at the alarming height of twenty-seven feet and hourly reports from up-river indicate a further rise. The last time the levee broke there was only a foot of water pressing against it. Now there are already three feet.

Fire, which originated under the stage, in the theater part of the building, Friday night totally destroyed the Congress Hall association's big two-story frame building, at Congress, Ariz., burned up $500 worth of paraphernalia belonging to Congress Knights of Pythias, and all the contents of the building, besides causing the death of two residents of that mining town. The known dead are Charles Price, blacksmith, killed while moving piano, and an unknown Mexican, burned to death.

John Love Elliott, president of the Consolidated Arizona Smelting company, operating the Humboldt smelter, and well known by a number of the business men of Tucson, Prescott and other Arizona towns, has been divorced by his former wife, Ethel Irene Stewart Elliott, on statutory grounds, and has been forced to settle upon her the tidy sum of $1,000,000 alimony. The divorce was granted Mrs. Elliott in Westchester county, New York.

Sam Lindauer, eldest son of S. Lindauer, returned to Deming Monday from Stanford University, California, where he has just finished the first year of a four years course of study in law. Little Herman Lindauer will be home in about three weeks, his school in Los Angeles not being out until that time. Both of Mr. Lindauer's sons will remain at home in Deming for the summer and return to their studies in time for the fall terms.

Four new prisoners were received yesterday at the territorial penitentiary at Santa Fe, having been convicted at the recent term of the Chaves county district court. The following are the sentences of the convicts: Frank Hayes, two years for obtaining money under false pretenses; Lon Reynolds, one year for larceny; T. Edwards, one year and six months for assault; Jim Wilson, one year for robbery. There are now 294 prisoners, the largest in the history of the institution.

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